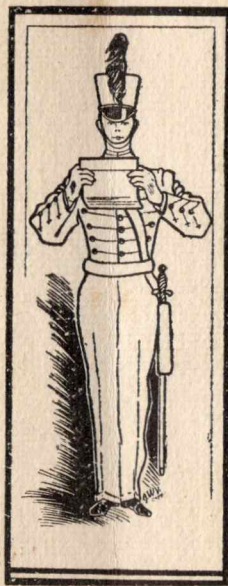


# *The* **BAYONET**

*Published by the Cadets of  
Augusta Military Academy*



Fort Defiance, Va.

December, 1910



# A. M. A. BAYONET

VOL. VI FT. DEFIANCE, VA., DECEMBER, 1910 NO. 2

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## Smile!

NOW that football season is gone and forgotten, there is much talk of "home" and Christmas heard in barracks, or in other words there are many who are becoming dissatisfied, a fact which is very sad, when we consider that there's no good cause for becoming discontented, or to put it more precisely "sour."

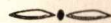
Some object to school and studying and begin the day with a scowl written upon their faces, a habit which they had just as well break themselves of, for it is one calculated in no way to help them, either at work or at play.

The majority of the students seem quite contented with life at A. M. A., consequently this article is written for the benefit of the "Unhappy Few," who find studying a torture and let their thoughts rest solely upon out of the way subjects.

Now, fellows, you have many pleasant experiences before you between now and Finals, the



most important at this moment, being Christmas which is fairly staring you in the face, so brace up, let that smile come out and become satisfied with your life here at Roller's, which is far better and more pleasant, than the life which many are leading at home and elsewhere.



### A Recent Visitor

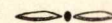
THE visit to A. M. A. of Mr. John P. Arbenz, of Wheeling, W.Va., is mentioned in Y. M. C. A. column, but as his visit was productive of great pleasure in other departments of the academy, it is the editor's privilege to make further mention of Mr. Arbenz's stay at "Old Roller's."

As has been previously mentioned the gentlemen in question is a prominent lawyer in the city of Wheeling, consequently his broad range of intellect enabled him to understand the school in all its phases. He addressed the corps several times and following a charming address to the Literary Society, which contained much good advice in regard to literary work, he was chosen as an as honorary member of the society. His membership is justly esteemed a great honor to the organization.

Mr. Arbenz had a double reason in coming to Ft. Defiance. First, his health demanded that he take a rest and though he was advised to go to Atlantic City, he bestowed the honor of his

visit upon A. M. A., second, like all true parents who wisely send their sons to this school—Mr. Arbenz's son George, is an esteemed member of the corps—he desired to witness the annual game with Kable's, so betook himself to the neighborhood in which the contest took place. Our friend became at once imbued with the far-famed "Spirit" of Roller's and turned out to be an eager "rooter" during the game in Staunton.

Here's to Mr. Arbenz, we hope that in the near future he may find it convenient to "call again" and we assure him that his visit will be well rewarded.



### Subscribers' Notice

THE Business Manager desires to inform subscribers, that this is the last number of the BAYONET they will receive unless they see fit to pay for their subscriptions at a very early date.

The expense of publication is larger this year than ever before, consequently the publisher's cannot afford to recognize subscribers, unless the latter are willing to pay for their recognition.



## "Back to Ol' Virginny"

F. J. G.

**H**OWDY, BETSY! Well, if that don't git you? Won't speak, eh! Jest because I didn't hev time ter stop an' talk ter her while I wuz a-fixing that thar log break. Well, gals air cur'us critters anyhow," soliloquized Nate. "I reckon she'll get over it. Guess she is kinder spoilt, bein' th' only woman round these here parts. 'Pears like don't many women folks want ter come up here ter ol' Canady, ez she's th' only woman I seen since I left Virginny. But," concluding, "she'll make up all right."

"But the best laid plans—" Betsy wouldn't "make up." The pride of the daughter of "ol' man Seabury" was hurt, and it was the fault of Betsy herself. "She jest couldn't see why he couldn't speak ef he wuz busy," and so she refused to "make up."

"I guess thar's a-plenty more ef Nate does git uppity," said Betsy to herself that night after Nate's unsuccessful interview, though in her heart she wished she had been more lenient to her woodsman sweetheart when he came to plead forgiveness. But perhaps so much attention from the rough lumbermen, in whose midst she dwelt, had slightly turned the head of pretty, brown-eyed Betsy, who was the only woman in the rude Canadian lumber camp where she dwelt with her father, the foreman.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, when Betsy stood on the

porch of the rickety cabin where she lived, one of the woodsmen passed by.

"Better look out, Miss Betsy. Thar's a storm comin', an' if I wuz you I'd wait awhile 'fore I went over to your garden on th' island," he called, as he saw Betsy was preparing to pay her daily visit to a small garden that her father had planted on an island, reached from the mainland by a long bridge.

"Daddy, don't it remind you of Virginny?" she would often ask as she and her father went over to look at the garden together, for she and her father—and Nate too—were all emigrants from Virginia to the dark Canadian woods.

"Thank you, Hack, but I'll try and get back before it comes.

"Better hurry then," responded Hack.

Betsy stayed longer than she had expected, and before she was half through she noticed a dark cloud in the west that became larger and larger. A perfect stillness settled over the earth. Not a tree rustled. It was "the calm before the storm." Betsy rose with a frightened glance—but too late—for a low, ominous rumble of thunder was the signal for the beginning of a storm, and in a few seconds Jupiter hurled his thunderbolts at the unoffending earth with all his godlike fury. In all her nineteen years Betsy had never seen such a storm. But she was not badly frightened, until, seeing the storm was not abating, she left her rude shelter of leafy boughs, under which she had been forced to take refuge.



Then the thought occurred to her of Nate's order to one of the workmen to fix the supports of the bridge, as they were not sufficiently strong, and even a medium-sized storm might be sufficient to make the river wash the bridge away, and the danger was greater because a large log jam, which was anchored above it, might be brought down by the force of the water, and this would certainly carry the bridge away if the water did not.

When she came within sight of the bridge her fears were almost realized, as the water was within a few inches of it. What made the danger more imminent was that the dense log jam had already broken loose, and was wedged in between the island and the mainland where the channel was narrowest, and from where it was impossible for it to move, although it was now steadily pressing upon the bridge. With an effort she controlled herself and went on. But too late! Before she reached the bridge the last plank of it was covered from view, and, what was worse, the island, with its one living occupant, seemed to be in momentary danger of being submerged by the swift stream.

A sudden hope filled her heart, but was dashed down as soon as she saw that the log jam, true to to her father's prediction, was slowly becoming more and more wedged between the narrow banks. Then she realized how impossible it would be for a person to cross it, as she had first dared hope, because there were not enough logs to become so closely wedged, forming a sort of bridge, that one might cross in safety.

In the meantime, her father, working near the house, had run to the porch for safety and found Hack there; he, too, using the porch as a convenient refuge from the storm. Stepping inside the door, Seabury called Betsy, but received no response.

"Good Gawd, Mr. Seabury!" exclaimed Hack. "Ain't Miss Betsy in there? I saw her cross the bridge 'bout an hour ago, but of course I thought she had come back an' wuz inside."

"Hack? Betsy on the island! Hack, man, it *can't* be! You're mistaken. The island's liable to be washed away any minute! Hack, are you sure? The bridge is covered! I can see it from here. No! Yes! I can see Betsy's pink dress on the other side. Glory to God!"

Springing from the porch he raced madly to the main cabin, where all the men were gathered for shelter.

"Betsy on the island! The bridge's broken!" was all he could say.

In an instant all the men, regardless of the storm, were flying to the river brink, where the logs were blocked in furious turmoil, and where Betsy could be seen waving frantically on the other side.

"There's only *one* way, an' that's for some one to cross the logs. Boys—" Seabury stopped short, for he knew that it was almost suicide for anyone to try it.

"There's only *one* person that could do it, an' that's *Nate* there," said one.



Seabury turned slowly to where Nate stood. Betsy had told him of their foolish quarrel, and he knew that in all probability Nate, hot and impetuous, would refuse to act.

"sNate—" There was a world of longing in the old man's broken voice, as though he were afraid to ask what he would like of the young man.

Nate's face was white. One could see that in his mind he was debating a vital question. He half turned away. Then, as if acting upon impulse, he turned back, and throwing off his coat and boots, and tying to his waist a rope, the other end of which he gave to the men, he sprang to the first log. Could he make it? Was it possible? It seemed as if it were beyond mortal power to cross those seething logs, between which the crystal foam sprang in jets of spray. He is down! No, he's up! God? What a leap! He's half across! He'll *never* make it!

Above the shrieking of the wind, above the tossing of the tree-tops, above the raging of the torrent, and above the crash of thunder, rose the fervent voice of John Seabury in prayer. But Nate never faltered. His eyes on the pink dress before him, he seemed oblivious of his surroundings. But he must hasten. Already it was seen that in a few minutes the island would be submerged, and Betsy would be carried away. Nate kept steadily on, until at last he cleared the few remaining feet and landed on the other side.

His task in recrossing was now doubled. But

nothing daunted him. He placed the girl upon his shoulders, binding her to him securely with the rope, and sprang once again on the treacherous crossing. Battling fiercely, he got nearly across when his foot slipped. The hearts of those on shore sank as they saw the two disappear beneath the logs. But in an instant Nate was scrambling upon a log again, and stepped near the goal with his precious burden. As he neared the mainland the water reached the level of the island which had checked the logs, and gushing over it, swept the logs downstream by the force of its terrific current. It was comparatively easy for Nate to reach the shore now, and willing hands soon pulled them into safety. As soon as he got on shore Nate gave a hearty clasp to the hand of "ol' man Seabury," and strode off without turning to look at Betsy.

Late that evening as Nate sat moodily before the fire in front of his cabin, he heard a light footstep behind him. He turned. There stood Betsy, her great brown eyes lustrous with love.

"Nate!" Betsy's voice was tremulous.

"Betsy!"

"We'll go back to ol' Virginny, Nate; just you an' I. Won't we, Nate?"

—*The Critic.*



## Y. M. C. A.

### OFFICERS

|                              |                |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| President .....              | J. L. JEFFRIES |
| Vice-President.....          | J. K. GUNBY    |
| Secretary and Treasurer..... | C. C. FLEMING  |

IT is a source of great pleasure to us that the Y. M. C. A. has thus far, progressed most wonderfully. Attendance at meetings has been very gratifying, for in coming to the Association's regular Sunday gatherings, the cadets give evidence that they find the Y. M. C. A. more attractive than whiling away the time in their rooms on Sunday night. The meetings are absolutely non-sectarian and never last longer than thirty or forty-five minutes, so there's no good reason why all should not be willing to give this much time to religious service.

During the month of November the Y. M. C. A. was addressed by a very distinguished visitor at the school, Mr. John P. Arbenz, of Wheeling, W. Va., a well-known member of the West Virginia Bar. It is the privilege of the publishers to present to BAYONET readers Mr. Arbenz's address to the Association, an address containing much excellent, advice by which all who read it should try to profit.

### THE Y. M. C. A.

"The Y. M. C. A. has come to fill an important place in the lives of young men of the present day.

In a sense the movement is comparatively new, but it is not on that account any less effective.

In its main plan of banding together young men in the advancement of christian ideals and the performance of christian duties and work, it is a factor of great good.

In its billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys and gymnasiums it affords ample opportunity for wholesome and pleasant amusements under conditions the most favorable and with companions most agreeable and generally honorable and upright.

In such places one is not apt to hear "smutty" or indecent converse, but each strives to outdo the other in exemplification of christian and manly virtues, and the rivalry of the several contestants in the various divertisements is free, pure and fair.

Under such circumstances one is soon brought to realize the responsibilities under which each of us rests and made to feel that we individually must answer for what we do or say, whether it be open and known or whether it be ever so stealthily done.

'Fear not the breath of slander. Not a thing in the world can injure you, except the thing you do. You cannot escape that whether anybody knows it or not.'

Realizing how important it is that we should act uprightly and honorably we should next remember that as members of an active and live community, when there is hustle and bustle on every side, it is our duty to do our share and do it now and not leave our portion of the work till the morrow.



"We shall do much in the years to come,  
 But what have we done today?  
 We shall give out gold in a princely sum,  
 But what did we give today?  
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
 We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
 But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,  
 But what have we been today?  
 We shall bring each lonely life a smile,  
 But what have we brought today?  
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,  
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,  
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,  
 But what have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by  
 But what have we sown today?  
 We shall build us mansions in the sky,  
 But what have we built today?  
 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,  
 But here and now do we do our task,  
 Yes, this is the things our souls must ask,  
 What have we done today?"

True no one of us can do it all, nor is anyone expected to do more than his share, but that much we can do, that much duty demands of us and we must each do our full duty. Every person, no matter how humble his station in life, exerts some influence and has some power and as christians it is our duty to make our influence operative for good and we must work to achieve the things that are noble and pure. Let each one resolve,

"I cannot do anything, but I can do something.  
 What I can do, I ought to do, and in the name of  
 humanity, I will do."

Let each one start right and the rest will come easy. So much depends upon making a right start. A day's work rightly begun, presages good results, whereas the effect of a false or wrong start can scarcely be overcome in a whole days unbroken effort.

"A little thing, a hasty word,  
 A cruel frown at morn,  
 And aching hearts went on their way,  
 And toiled throughout a dreary day,  
 Disheartened, sad and lorn.  
 A little thing a sunny smile,  
 A loving word at morn,  
 And all day long the sun shone bright,  
 And cares of life were made more light,  
 And sweetest hopes were born."

Then with the day's work properly begun and satisfactory results achieved we can at eventide in prayerful reflection prepare ourselves for the morrow, by contemplating the words of Pythagoras.

"Let no soft slumber close my eyes,  
 Ere I have recollected thrice,  
 The train of actions through the day,  
 Where have my feet marked out this way?  
 What have I learnt where'er I've been,  
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen,  
 What know I more that's worth the knowing  
 What have I done that's worth the doing,  
 What have I sought that I should shun,  
 What duties have I left undone,  
 Or into what new follies run,  
 These self inquires are the road,  
 That lead to virtue and to God."

Days lived in accordance with these precepts make up christian lives of which all can be



proud; to which all sane, right thinking persons should aspire and which in the end will entitle us to a place of honor in the world or life to come and leave behind us memories more priceless and of greater value than all other things of this earth, memories such as are preserved on one of the tombstones in the old cemetery near the railroad station reading:

"Those among whom he was born and lived and died know that he was justly esteemed an honest man"—the noblest work of God.

JOHN P. ARBENZ.

Y. M. C. A. of Augusta Military Academy,  
November 20, 1910.

### Alumni Notes

THE Corps was indeed glad to greet once more the following Alumni, who assembled in Staunton on Thanksgiving Day, in order to witness the annual "Gridiron" contest with Kables: Messrs. C. J. Churchman, J. M. Stout, A. F. Kibler, Corps of '09, and J. R. McCormick and E. T. Dudley, corps of '10.

We were quite sorry to hear that McCormick L., '10 and J. S. Richey, '08, fell victims to the recent epidemic by typhoid at V. M. I. Here's wishing them a speedy recovery.

The corps enjoyed a recent visit from W. D. Easley, '10, who we understand, has an "attraction" in this vicinity. We should like to see "Jake" attracted this way again.

A. C. Pole, '09, recently paid us a short,

but pleasant visit. "Noonie," it is said, also has an "attraction" in the neighborhood.

Messrs. J. Kirkpatrick, '09, T. Cook, '09 were also with us for a short while in November. Both gentlemen took part in an old-time "rough-house," thus making things lively for some time. Afterwards Mr. Cook left for Missouri where he is in business with his brother. "Tuck's" voice was greatly missed in the "rooting" during the Kable game.

Mr. Geo. Cook, '08, also returned to the Academy for a short stay during the past month.

In a recent letter from W. T. Hadley he wished the BAYONET the best of success. Mr. Hadley and his brother, A. W. Hadley, are now on the road for a shoe company in the south.

Mr. T. R. Magee, '09, is now attending a business college at Scio, Ohio.

Mr. Colin C. Hastie, '09, is attending Cornell University.

Mr. G. F. Monroe is now at Carnegie Tech.

Prior to the Kable game, Messrs. T. B. Sterrett and M. B. Jarman, '09, spent a day at the school. We sincerely appreciate their "rooting" at the Thanksgiving game.

After the recent close of V. M. I., Messrs. B. B. Clarkson, R. M. Youell, R. J. Howard and A. H. Michell, returned to us for a visit of several days.

In recent letters from C. E. Smith and F. H. Hamilton, both of '10, they sent best regards to the corps.



## School Spirit

FOOTBALL season and the fact that several of the editors were on the team, prevented an earlier publication of the BAYONET, consequently the following excellent article could not be printed at a more opportune time, but since, as has been stated, it is a most worthy discourse on the subject of "School Spirit," we take pleasure in publishing it in the November number of the BAYONET.

This article, or more properly essay, was read by the writer, at a meeting of the Ciceronean Literary Society.

### "SCHOOL SPIRIT"

I have chosen the subject "School Spirit" for my essay because it is a necessity for a good school and more so for a good standing in athletics and as we want both, the subject is a timely one.

As this is football season, the school with the proper spirit will naturally turn to that sport and give its entire thought and attention to the team and its success, for the success of a team depends largely on the support accorded it by the student body.

If the students fail to lend their support to a team how can the outsiders who are not directly interested, be expected to attend the games.

We all know that a team plays better and harder ball when they know that their friends

and schoolmates are on the sidelines playing as hard as they, the team, are.

Nothing takes the heart out of a player as much as a roasting from his friends, from whom he would naturally expect hearty support.

Bonehead plays must happen and when they do, cheer, the player and think of the good plays he has made, he will worry enough of his own mistakes.

In closing I desire to ask if any of you ever saw a fellow chuck full of "School Spirit" after a hard fought game, in which his team wins? Don't you feel better after looking at him? He is more pleased than the team or coach, if that be possible.

Now the coach, how he is knocked by disappointed applicants for the team and by the fellows who know more than he does about the game, when in reality he lays awake nights thinking of plays and worrying over his players' injuries and glorying in their ability which he has worked so hard to bring out.

Just imagine a school where the fellows turn out for every game, help all they can, give encouragement instead of knocks and give praise where deserved. A team would play their heads off under such conditions and the coach would wear a lasting grin.

T. E. GRAHAM.



## Athletic Association

|                          |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| President.....           | W. B. LANDES      |
| Vice-President.....      | W. H. COLLINGWOOD |
| Treasurer.....           | N. CUNNINGHAM     |
| Assistant Treasurer..... | C. C. CARTER      |

### S. M. A. 23—A. M. A. 0.

ON Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24, 1910, the annual "Gridiron" contest between Kable's and Roller's took place, at Athletic Park, Staunton, Va., Kables winning 23 to 0. Despite the large score, the team from Roller's was by no means outclassed in real football, the weight of the opposing team being the cause of defeat. The Roller boys played a splendid, though up-hill game and never gave up till the final whistle blew. The game was a thrilling spectacle of science against weight, the latter finally triumphing over the former.

A. M. A. won the toss and Kable's kicked off, Gallagher receiving the kick and through the aid of good interference running it back five yards.

A. M. A. failed to make first down and Collingwood punted. During the first quarter Roller's had several chances to score on field goals, but all went wide of the mark. In this quarter Southerland made a fifty yard run, but three yards from the goal line, a tackle by Collingwood brought the runner to the ground. However on the next trial Kyle carried the ball over. Woolrab kicked goal. Score S. M. A. 6—A. M. A. 0.

In the second quarter Kyle made another

touchdown by straight football, thus removing all doubt as to the final result of the game. The Blue and White team never gave up, but in the third quarter there was no score.

In the final quarter, Graham and Cunningham received injuries which necessitated their removal from the game. Graham's place at left-half was taken by Beckett and Cunningham at center by Menefee. This greatly weakened A. M. A.'s team, enabling Southerland and Kyle respectively to increase S. M. A.'s score by two touchdowns. At this stage of the game with a heavy score staring them in the face, the members of the A. M. A. team continued to hold on with bulldog tenacity, playing for all that was in them till the whistle blew announcing the close of the contest.

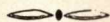
The game was fast and clean and the treatment accorded Roller's team was excellent, going far to show that good feeling between Kable's and Roller's was increasing. Let us hope that this good feeling may continue to increase during the years to come.

Despite the sad fact that the laurels of victory rest upon the heads of our opponents, we are in no way ashamed of our defeat. Our team did its best and we feel the greatest pride in each member of it. This game was the first that Roller's had lost to the boys on the hill-top in seventeen years and when we consider the fact that S. M. A. has always been at least three times as large as A. M. A., we have good reason to feel proud of the wonderful record of victories, which up to this year remained unbroken.



The star of the game for Roller's was Morrasy, left end.

Officials were: Shaughnessy, Washington and Lee, Referee; Doyle, Umpire; Bear, Head Linesman and Major Hudgins, F. M. S., Field Judge.



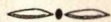
### Roller's vs. Fishburne

IN a hard fought game at Ft. Defiance, Roller's were defeated by score of 6 to 5. Both teams played for all that was in them and Acree succeeded in making a touchdown for Roller's in the last few minutes of play.

In the first half both teams gained much ground through each other's lines. Roller's running the ball up to Fishburne's twenty-yard line in the first quarter only to lose it on a fumble.

Fishburne made their touchdown in the third quarter and kicked goal making the score 6 to 0. However this was evened up slightly in the last quarter by Acree's touchdown, but Collingwood failed to kick goal.

The stars for Roller's were Landes, Gallagher and Morassy. For Fishburne, Stevens, Alexander and Fravel.



### Roller's vs. Fishburne

ON November the 17th, Roller's and Fishburne played their second game together this season, which resulted in a 0 to 0 score. The teams were evenly matched and both put up a hard fight. Roller's ran the ball to

within a few yards of the goal line several times but were unable to score.

In the second quarter Graham made a splendid forty-yard run for a touchdown but was called back because the referee had not blown his whistle to put the ball into play. Landes and Collingwood made many brilliant plays and Ashby and Morassy played their usual strong game. Reed played a good game at guard.

The only casualty of the game was Ashby's being hurt in the last quarter and he was forced to retire from the game. His place was taken by Menefee. Gallagher was taken out and Beckett went in at half.

The line up was:

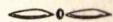
E. L.—Morassy,  
L. T.—Fravel,  
L. G.—Reed,  
C.—Cunningham,  
R. G.—Moore,  
R. T.—Acree,  
R. E.—Ashby, Menefee,  
Q. B.—Landes,  
L. H. B.—Graham,  
F. B.—Collingwood,  
R. H. B.—Gallagher, Becket.  
Score Roller's 0, Fishburne 0.  
Time of Quarters, 10 minutes.  
Referee, Major Hudgins.  
Umpire, Krebs.



## Roller's vs. Randolph-Macon

**R**OLLER'S defeated Randolph-Macon at Ft. Defiance by the score of 17 to 0. The game was very one-sided as Roller's ran over Randolph-Macon throughout the entire game. They seemed to be able to score at will and quit working towards the end of the game.

Acree was injured in the first half and was replaced by Menefee who played a good game. The star of the game was Fravel who broke through the line at every down. In the third quarter Beckett went in, making one of the touchdowns.



**A. M. A. 2d, 6—F. M. S. 2d, 0**

**T**HE A. M. A. second team defeated Fishburne's second at Waynesboro, Nov. 14, 1910, by the score of 6 to 0. It was an evenly matched contest but marred somewhat by penalizations because of slugging.

The only score of the game was made by Campbell, in the second quarter, after a fine seventy-five yard run. Carpenter kicked the goal making the score 6 to 0 in favor of A. M. A. After this there was no very brilliant playing on either side and the ball was held in the center of the field.

The only time Fishburne came anywhere near scoring was when Alexander made a forty-yard run but was called back on account of an offside play.

The stars of the game were, Campbell, Hancock and Price for A. M. A. and Alexander for Fishburne.

A. M. A. 2nd.

L. E.—Fraser,

L. T.—McKinney,

L. G.—Jeffries,

C.—Hancock,

R. G.—Welch and Schwalb,

R. G.—Menefee,

R. E.—Price,

Q. B.—Spindle.

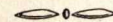
Score—A. M. A. 6, F. M. S. 0.

Touchdown—Campbell,

Goal, kick by Carpenter.

Referee—Major Hudgins.

Time of quarters—12 minutes.



## Roller's 2d, 5—Fishburne 2d, 0

**R**OLLER'S second team beat Fishburne second at Ft. Defiance by the score of 5 to 0. The game was as evenly matched as any two teams could play and the only sensational play was made by Starritt when he made a sixty-yard run for a touchdown. During the rest of the game the ball scarcely moved twenty yards beyond the center of the field.

The stars for Roller's were Gunby, Starritt and Fraser, for Fishburne, Alexander.

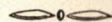
The line up:

L. E.—Fraser,

L. T.—Menefee,



L. G.—Robertson, Jeffries,  
 C.—Hancock,  
 R. G.—Schwalb,  
 R. E.—Clemmer, F.,  
 R. E.—Gunby,  
 Q. B. Dudley.  
 L. H. B.—Christian,  
 F. B.—Starritt,  
 R. H. B.—Sheppe.  
 Score, Roller's 5, Fisburne 0  
 Touchdown—Starritt.  
 Referee—Collingwood.  
 Time of quarters—10 minutes.



### Winners of the R

THE following men for excellence and faithfulness of service on the football team are rewarded with R's:

|             |                |
|-------------|----------------|
| Collingwood | For third term |
| Gallagher   | " second "     |
| Landes      | " " "          |
| Cunningham  | " " "          |
| Fravel      | " " "          |
| Ashby       | " " "          |
| Graham      | " first "      |
| Reid        | " " "          |
| Moore       | " " "          |
| Acree       | " " "          |
| Morrasy     | " " "          |
| Jeffries    | " " "          |
| Welch       | " " "          |

### An Appreciation to Our "Chief Rooter"

ALTHOUGH the members of the football team were unable this year to finish a successful season by victory on Thanksgiving Day, the sting and bitterness of defeat, at times scarcely bearable was materially lessened by the enthusiastic and generous support tended us by our "Chief Rooter." Every year as we approach our crucial game, he journeys from Wheeling to help Roller boys win; and where he is, Dame Fortune is sure to smile. True, this once the lady failed to appear, but her absence was due to pressing engagements elsewhere, and through no fault of Mr. Collingwood's. However, he has her assurance that her Fickleness will not fail us next year. When Mr. Collingwood contributed "Bill" to the team we were pleased, but when he shouldered with good grace the laborious duties of Chief-Rooter we were delighted. However, this year he went even farther in endearing himself to the corps and tram, by presenting each man of the team a handsome blue sweater. We are at a loss in finding adequate words to express our appreciation and gratitude in even the slightest degree, yet we do thank him and in addition promise, that whenever we have occasion to darn these sweaters we will endeavor to show the same high-minded generosity and spirit that are characteristic of the man that presented them. Long live Mr. Collingwood.

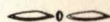


## An Appreciation

THE Corps of Cadets of Augusta Military Academy takes pleasure in extending its sincerest appreciations to Major C. S. Roller, Jr., whose remarkable ability as football coach, brought forth a team of which we are justly proud.

It is the sincere belief of the corps that as a coach and general authority on football, Major Roller is without a peer in the South and we truly believe that he is deserving of a place among the best coaches in the United States.

Here's to Major Roller, may he live long and be happy, for as long as Major is on this earth our success in athletics is assured and our football teams in particular, will ever be able to hold their own with the best that ever graced the "Gridiron."



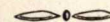
## New Field Marker

WE are glad to make note of the fact that the Athletic Association has recently made the very wise purchase of a field marker. Heretofore our baseball and football fields have necessarily been poorly lined off and to say the least it has required hard and patient work to prepare them for games, consequently a field marker is deeply appreciated as it will facilitate to a great degree the work required on the fields.

## A Request

IN *Taps* for November, the score of the first game between F. M. S. and A. M. A. was recorded as having been 6 to 0. In the game with F. M. S., at Fort Defiance, the referee gave us credit for the touchdown which we legally made, so if Fishburne chooses to record a victory on such a technicality as was attendant upon the touchdown made by Roller's in the game here, A. M. A. can with equal cause claim credit for the touchdown which they were denied by the referee in the second game with F. M. S., at Waynesboro.

We hope that the publication of the score in *Taps* was a mistake on the Athletic Editor's part and we should greatly appreciate a correction of this error in the next number of *Taps*.



## A Word of Thanks

THE corps wishes to extend its thanks to those members of the Fishburne Corps, who were so kind as to attend the Kable game on Thanksgiving Day and incidentally, to lend their aid in the "rooting." This act of good fellowship was highly appreciated and it is the sincere desire of the A. M. A. corps, that at some future time it may be enabled to return in some manner, the great favor accorded it by the Fishburne cadets.



## Ciceronian Literary Society

THE society for this year was reorganized during the first week of school and during the intervening time, the members have witnessed several very interesting meetings.

At the initial meeting a rule was made providing that new officers be elected every fourth meeting, no officer being eligible for re-election to the same position. The elections at the first meeting were as follows: President, Chas. C. Fleming; Vice-President, N. Cunningham; Secretary and Treasurer, E. R. Loewenbach; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. H. Fravel. The last meeting was the fourth at which the above named officers had served, therefore re-elections were in order. Those elected were, President, N. Cunningham; Vice-President, A. O. Reid; Secretary and Treasurer, R. M. Clemans; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. I. Menefee.

Many are inclined to consider the Literary Society an utterly useless feature of school life and attend meetings simply because they are forced to do so. Those who look upon the society in this light, simply show themselves up, as men of little ambition, for as those who know, have often told us, a literary training will be of inestimable value to us in the future, when we are working hard to become successful in our respective vocations.

## Exchanges

SO far no editor for this department has been elected and in view of this fact we are unable to handle exchanges in the proper manner. We hope that after Christmas, a suitable man for this position can be found, therefore we ask that BAYONET readers be so kind as to excuse the weakness of this department.

Exchanges with other schools will be deeply appreciated and we trust that our contemporaries will take any criticisms which may be made in the right spirit. Criticisms of the BAYONET will be heartily received, for in this way we hope to improve our publication.

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

*Taps* published by the cadets of Fishburne Military School, Waynesboro, Va.

*Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, a publication of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton Va.

We find *Taps* all that could be desired in a school publication and we wish to congratulate its editors for the excellent manner in which they have handled the various departments of the paper.

So far as we can judge, the *Miscellany* is a publication which Mary Baldwin Seminary may feel justly proud of and we take pleasure in extending to the publishers our best wishes for success.



## Rifle Range

**A**T last, that long talked of Rifle Range is assured. Through the ceaseless and untiring efforts of the Commandant, during the past summer, twenty Krag Rifles have been secured from the War Department and at an early date, the government is to send an Ordinance Sergeant to the school, the latter to construct the range according to regulations.

Some time ago a Rifle Association was organized, consisting of about fifty cadets. Those members making the required scores in marksmanship, will be entitled to take part in the annual matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, a privilege enjoyed by cadets in very few military schools of the United States.

This Rifle Range, is a feature which no other preparatory military academy in the state possesses, consequently the corps takes great pride in its new possession.

## Enrollment 1910-11

**T**HE enrollment at A. M. A. for the session of 1910-11, numbers over one hundred cadets, a fact which is highly gratifying, not only to the Principles, but to those who take pride in the growth and success of "Old Roller's." This session is the first in which the "Century mark" in attendance has been reached, and it is to be sincerely hoped that in the future, A. M. A's. rise will be rapid, in attendance at least, for

in "School Spirit," loyalty, pride and in all the other qualities which go to make up a good school, it is indisputable that this academy equals the best of her rivals and eclipses by far the majority of them.

## Hunting Season

**H**UNTING in the vicinity of Fort Defiance has furnished great pleasure to many of the cadets this year.

On holidays and often in the afternoons after school, the "Sons of Nimrod" wonder out upon the surrounding hills or into the nearby woods, from whence they return bearing various spoils of the hunt.

We trust that the "Hunters" of A. M. A. may be as successful and diligent in all their other ventures as they are with "shot and gun."

## Personals

Maj. Menefee: What does A. D. mean?

Menefee: After a drunk, sir.

Barker: Gilliam, what would we do without electricity, with which to "translate" messages across the ocean?

Speaking of dry weather, Bartholdi says there are bull frogs in Arizona that haven't learned to swim yet.

She: Why do you not approve of dancing?



Campbell: Why, its nothing but mere hugging by music and I don't like the music.

Colonel (in Latin): Robinson translate *Leges Cæsaris 'est bonac.*

Robinson: Cæsar's legs are bony.

Mounts—Giving an account of a Virginia colony—"being without water the whole bunch croaked."

Carpenter (in Geometry) asks with an innocent look if "radius" is not equal to twice the diameter.

Maj. (in Physics): Fleming what does a pound of gold weigh.

Fleming: Ten pounds, sir.

Capt. Yarbrough: Dellinger tell me about the Panama Canal.

Dellinger: They raise bananas, there.

Robertson (walking sentinel): Reid when you get time please study.

Maj.—(in Physics): What people use the metric system mostly:

Vicars: Gas companies, sir.

Reid: Boys lets have some music here's a band off a cigar.

Barber: How shall I cut your hair.

Frazer: In silence please.

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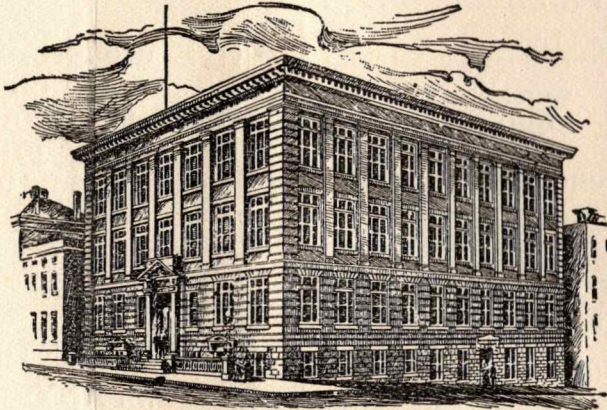
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